

Miller & Rhoads.

Miller & Rhoads.

Further Reductions In High Class White Lawn Waists.

\$5.00 and \$5.98 Waists now - - \$2.98.
\$3.69, \$3.98 and \$4.69 Waists now - \$1.98.

These Waists have been very popular this summer at their original prices and we could sell them off gradually this season or the beginning of next at their full value.

Our policy has always been, however, to clear up everything at stock-taking time, and these finely-finished garments have been divided into two lots at clearing-up prices.

White Embroidered Linen
Waists and Embroidered Lawn

Waists for \$2.98; former prices, \$5.00 and \$5.98.

Nine of the best styles of this season's Embroidered White Lawn and Plain or Embroidered Linen Waists for \$1.98. Former prices \$3.69, \$3.98 and \$4.69.

By way of reminder, we'll say that the best sizes will, of course, sell first.

There's a much larger quantity of garments at \$1.98 than in the \$2.98 styles.

Great Remnant Sale of Wash

Goods, White and Colors.

Every Remnant and Short Piece of Wash Goods in the house will be displayed on tables in front of the white goods section to-morrow.

Exceptionally low prices have been marked on all these pieces in order to clear them all out before next Thursday.

Remember, no Remnants in the basement to-morrow. Everything on first floor.

Lawns,
Batiste,
Percales,
Organdy,
Persian Lawn,
Dimity,
Cannon Cloth,
Oxford Cloth.

Check Nainsook,
Pique,
Calicoes,
Bleached and
Unbleached Cotton,
Sheeting,
Ginghams,
Madras.

Miller & Rhoads

Chestnut Hill and Highland Park

Misses Rebe and Bessie Davis, of Richmond, to the house of their cousin, Miss Ida Catlin, of Fourth Avenue.
Miss Louise Marshall, of Fourth Avenue, is spending some time with her cousin, Miss Doris Hoppe, of Richmond.
Miss Belle Powell, of Third Avenue, who has been quite sick, is now convalescing.
Mr. Morton Lewis, of Highland Park, is visiting friends in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mrs. Belle Morris and Miss Riva Marshall, who have been visiting Mrs. John Tyler, of Fourth Avenue, will leave in a few days to visit relatives in Warren County.
Miss Minnie, of Third Avenue, who spent several days in Staunton, has returned home.
Mr. Garland H. Clarke, of Third Avenue, who has been quite sick, is improving.

visiting Miss Clara Long, has left for Keswick to visit friends.
The case of Mrs. W. L. Summers, who has been visiting in Baltimore, has returned home.
Mrs. R. S. Denny, of Washington, is visiting friends in Richmond.
Mr. Harvey Ball and family, of Richmond, are stopping with Mr. C. E. Richardson.

GAINES' MILL.

The funeral and burial of Mr. William Carter, of Pole Green, took place last Sunday from Walnut Grove Baptist Church.
Black Creek and Howard's Grove Sunday school will give their annual picnic at West Point next Wednesday, July 22nd. There will be a large attendance.
Miss Clara Martin has returned home much delighted with her trip to her home in Mt. Airy.
Mrs. James Barker and little son, of New York, made a delightful visit to the National Cemetery during the past week.
Mr. W. B. Stead's little daughter expects to spend several weeks at Ocean View.

MANY OFFENDERS YESTERDAY

Justice John Has Four Typewritten Pages of Wrongdoers.
Justice Crutchfield had four pages of offenders before him yesterday morning. Some got their dues, some paid their dues, some didn't and some will learn their fate later.

The case of Mrs. I. P. Voss and the young man, charged with expelling an infant with intent to kill, went over until July 23rd, to allow defendants to get witnesses.
John Bathrop and Ed. Pulliam, negroes, who are held because they are believed to know something about the assault case in Chesterfield county, will have another hearing as suspicious characters to-day. Pulliam was fined \$50 for carrying a concealed weapon.
John Bryan was drunk and was asked to give bond for ten days.
Frank Fairbank was charged with assaulting Beulah Glenn. This case also went over until to-day.
Frank Toney, the lad who stole \$11 from Mr. E. H. Curtis, was sent to the reformatory.
Eddie Nash, colored, for stealing, went down for a year on two separate charges.
Lucy Butler, charged with creating a disturbance to the annoyance of the neighborhood, was put under a \$50 bond for twelve months.

THE FARLEY CASES

Appeal Heard in the County Court Fined \$50.
Strike matters again occupied the attention of the Henrico officials yesterday. In the County Court the appeal in the case of James Farley, chief of the strike-breakers, charged with carrying concealed weapons, was heard. Trial by jury was waived and the matter was submitted to the court. Judge Wickham imposed a fine of \$50 and costs upon the appellant. In the lower court Farley was fined \$500. The appeal from the decision of the magistrate in the case in which Farley was charged with threatening to kill A. B. Mann was withdrawn.

Case of James Farrel, one of the strike-breakers, charged with abusing and threatening V. V. Krieger, who was fined \$50, required to give bond for his good behavior and also been taken to the County Court, but the appeal was withdrawn here also.

There Was No Suit.

It was stated in yesterday's Times-Dispatch, in connection with the acquittal of C. B. Wood, that Mr. Wood recently secured a judgment against Mr. T. A. Overly in a civil suit. This is incorrect. A suit was begun, but it was not pursued.

Richmonders in New York.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, July 23.—Vadrol, D. A. tell, G. W. Stevens, Marlborough, W. P. Waddy; Bartholdi, J. M. Campbell; Imperial, T. W. Gentry; St. Denis, E. T. Harrison; Hoffman, W. G. Neal; Grant, Union, S. P. Jones; P. D. Howell; Continental, F. G. Herford; Holland, J. P. Dand; T. C. Boshart; Rosemont, G. A. Williams and wife.

Out of Town.

Ten minutes from Broad Street; 5 cent fare; slate roof, water, gas, 100 feet front—\$3,500; beautiful place; photo at office.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.

THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.
Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

But Fanchon could only sob and whisper, "Hush, hush!" in the dim room where they sat, the windows darkened so that, after he had gone, he should not remember how red her eyes were, and the purple depths under them, and thus forget how pretty she had been at her best. After a time, finding that the more he tried to cheer her, the more brokenly she wept, he grew silent, only stroking her head, while the summer breeze came through the window, the mill-wheel of locusts, the small monotone of distant farm bells, the laughter of children in the street, and the gay arais of a mocking-bird swinging in the open window of the next house. So they sat together through the long, still afternoon of the last day.

No one in Rouen found that afternoon particularly enlivening. Even Mrs. Tanberry gave way to the common depression, and, once more, her doctrine of cheerfulness related to the ghostly ranks of the purely theoretical, she bowed under the burden of her woe so far as to sing "Methought I Met a Damsel Fair" (her of the bursting sighs) at the piano. Whenever sadness lay upon her soul she had acquired the habit of resorting to this unhappy ballad; to-day she sang it four times. Mr. Carewe was not at home, and had announced that though he intended to honor the evening meal by his attendance, he should be away for the evening itself; as comment upon which statement Mrs. Tanberry had offered ambiguously the one word, "Amend!" He was stung to no reply, and she had noted the circumstance as unusual, and also that he had appeared to labor with the suppression of a keen excitement, which made him anxious to escape from her sharp little eyes; an agitation for which she easily accounted when she recalled that he had seen Vanrevel on the previous evening. Mr. Carewe had kept his promise to preserve the peace as he always kept it when the two met on neutral ground, but she had observed that his face showed a kind of harassed violence whenever he had been forced to breathe the air of the same room with his enemy, and that the thing grew on him.

Miss Betty exhibited not precisely a burning interest in the adventure of the Damsel Fair, wandering out of the room during the second recitation, wandering back again, and once more away. She had moved about the house in this fashion since early morning, wearing what Mamie described as a "peaked look." White-faced and restless, with distressed eyes, to which no sleep had come in the night, she could not rest, she could not sleep; than touch her hair; she could not sleep; she could not remain quiet for three minutes together. Often she sank into a chair with an air of languor and weariness, only to start immediately out of it and seek some other part of the house, or to go and pace the garden. Here, in the air heavy with roses and tremulous with June, as she walked rapidly up and down, late in the afternoon, at the time when the faraway farm bells were calling men from the fields to supper, the climax of her restlessness came. That anguish and desperation, so old in her sex, the lion against the law that inaction must be her part, had fallen upon her for the first time. She came to an abrupt stop and struck her hands together despairingly, and spoke aloud.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" "Mamie!" asked a surprised voice, just behind her. She wheeled quickly about to behold a shock-headed urchin of ten in the path near the little clearing. He was dressed in a ragged, dusty, rather shabby coat, and he had evidently entered the garden through the gap in the hedge. "I thought you spoke to me?" he said, indignantly.

"I didn't see you," she returned. "What is it?" "You, Miss Carewe?" he asked; but before she could answer he said, reassuringly, "Why, of course you are! I recognize you, perfectly, now I get light on you, so to speak. Don't you remember me?" "No, I don't think I do." "Lord!" he responded, wonderingly. "I was one of the boys with you on that hot day, the night of your first flight. Mingled with the surprise in his tone was a respectful caution, which intimated how greatly he honored her father for having been the owner of so satisfactory a confagration.

"But at this point the youth recalled the fact that he had an errand to discharge, and, assuming an expression of businesslike haste, he sprang to permit further parley, sought in his pocket and produced a sealed envelope, with which he advanced upon her. "Here, there's an answer. He told me not to tell nobody who sent it, and he said to let nobody or hear of it, and how to slip in through the hedge and try and find you in the garden when nobody was looking, and he gave a pencil for you to answer on the back of it, and a dollar!"

Miss Betty, glancing note, glanced once over her shoulder at the house, but Mrs. Tanberry was still occupied with the maiden, and no one was in sight. She read the message hastily. "You have not sent for me. Perhaps that was because there was no time when you thought it was safe. Perhaps you have still felt there would be a loss of dignity if you were to send for me. Tell me, if you can, how to get in without seeing you once more with our good-bye—for the last time. Or was it untrue that you wrote me what you did, and that you had a letter or a note, a little while, why will not be here? A fairy dream of mine? Ah, will you see me again, this once—this once—let me look at you, let me talk with you, hear your voice?" The last time!

cried, savagely. "I saw you sneak through my hedge!" "I didn't, either!" Mr. Carewe ground his teeth. "What were you doing there?" "Nothing!" "Nothing!" mocked Carewe. "Nothing!" "You didn't carry this to the young lady in there and get her answer?" "No, sir!" answered the captive, earnestly. "Cross my heart I didn't. I found it!"

Slowly the corrugations of anger were levelled from the man's face, the white heat cooled, and the prisoner marvelled to find himself in the presence of an urbane gentleman whose placidity made the scene of a moment ago appear some trick of distorted vision. And yet, curious to behold, Mr. Carewe's fingers shook even more violently than before, as he released the boy's shoulder and gave him a friendly tap on the head, at the same time smiling benevolently.

"There, there," he said, bestowing a wink upon the youngster. "It's all right; it doesn't matter—only I think I see the chance of a jest in this. You wait, while I read this little note, this message that you found!" He opened by winking again with the friendliest droolery.

He turned his back to the boy, and opened the note; continuing to stand in that position while he read the two messages. It struck the messenger that after this, there need be no great shame in his own lack of this much-vaunted art of reading, since it took so famous a man as Mr. Carewe such length of time to peruse a little note. But perhaps the gentleman was ill, for it appeared to the boy that he lurched several times, once so far that he would have gone over if he had not saved himself by a lucky stagger. And once, except for the fact that the face that had turned away had worn an expression of such genial humor, the boy would have believed that from it issued a sound like the gnashing of teeth.

But when it was turned to him again, it bore the same amiable jocosity of mouth and eye, and nothing seemed to him the matter, except that those fingers still shook so wildly, too wildly, indeed, to restore the note to its envelope. "There," said Mr. Carewe, "put it back, lad, put it back yourself. Take it to the gentleman who sent you. I see he's a bit of a dandy, but he's a trifle—half-hal—and I suppose he may not have expected the young lady to write his name quite so boldly on the envelope! What do you suppose?"

"I don't know," returned the boy. I reckon I don't hardly understand. Mr. Carewe, laughing rather madly, "Ha, ha, ha! Of course, you wouldn't. And how much did he give you?" "Yay!" cried the other joyously. "Didn't he go and hand me a dollar?" "How much did you take?" he asked, to tell him that I stopped you and read it; how much not to speak of me at all!" "What?"

"It's a foolish kind of joke, nothing more. I'll give you five dollars never to tell a soul that you saw me to-day!" "That's about, Colonel," declared the youth, with a riotous fling of bare feet in the air. "I'll come down!" "You'll do it?" "Five!" he shouted, dancing upon the boards. "Five! I'll cross my heart to die I never hear tell of you or even day!" "That's about, Colonel," declared the youth, with a riotous fling of bare feet in the air. "I'll come down!" "You'll do it?"

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Library is Open.
The excellent library at the Mechanics' Institute, corner of Eleventh and Broad, is open every night to the public. It is a most attractive place for any one who desires to spend the evening in reading the best authors. The books are admirably arranged by one of the most expert librarians in the city, Mr. Coffey, and are well lighted and exceedingly comfortable. In the collection there are some of the best editions of the English classics in the American language. This is especially true of the generous collection given by Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw, deceased—a noble-minded and of that public spirit and useful citizen.


Will Open Up Now.

Since the City Democratic Committee has set September 21st as the date for the legislative primary, the candidates for the House, Senate and City Democratic offices are expected to become more active. It looks now as if Mr. Harman will have no opposition for the Senate.

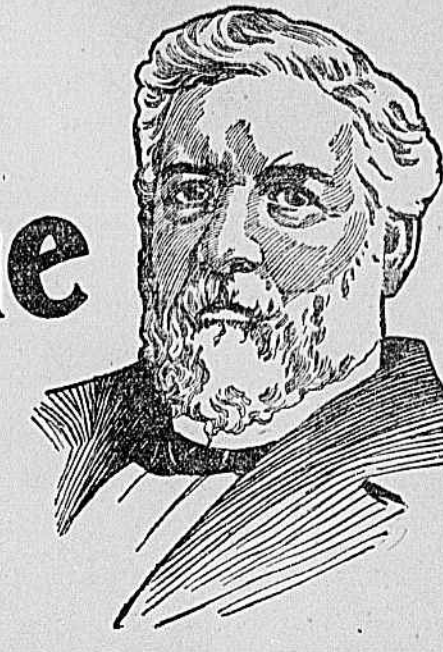
Will Return To-Day.

Governor Montague will return from the Manassas Horse Show this afternoon. In the absence of His Excellency yesterday's matters were very quiet about the Capitol.

Does not harm the Hands
GORHAM
SILVER POLISH
Not a soap, but it cleanses
Contains no acid or harmful substance
All responsible
Jewellers keep it
55 cents a package



The Smoker Never "Moves" To Lay It On The Table



James G. Blaine

5c CIGAR

The Greatest of Them All

Social and Personal

The August Leslie's entertains its readers by an account of "Alice in Bookland." In her browsing Alice is admonished that: "Too many books are like the one in this verse:

"Little Orphant Annie bought a book the other day,
It was written all of brains an' things,
She heard that critics say;
She thought it must be packed with wit,
An sense, an' words of gall.
But when she turned the covers back
It wasn't there at all."

"I don't like nursery rhymes," said Alice, disdainfully.
"Don't you?" said the Worm. "Maybe you like eggs. When I'm a publisher I'm going to get out an edition of Bacon with eggs. I'll call it the Breakfast Edition. And I'll let out an edition of Lamb with milk sauce. Do you like Lamb's Tales?"

"I like o-x-lis in soup," Alice said rather at random.
"I mean Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," said the Worm crossly.
"Mary had a set of Lamb,
All neatly bound in calf;
She bought it at a dry goods store—
One dollar and a half.
Little Bo-Peep had a set of sheep,
With a contract that did not bind her
Instalments to pay, but she ran away.
And left her Tales behind her."

"I'm sorry I can't staq longer," he said. "But I have a commission I must carry out. I am dramatizing Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare for Mr. Frohman."

McClure's Gazette tells the story of the adventures met with in Bookland by another seeker after knowledge—not to call it wisdom. The story goes thus: "I want a copy of 'The Tender Passion,'" said the girl with pink cheeks and blue eyes, to the young man at the book counter.

"The Tender Passion," certainly," the young man replied, smiling, but at the same time scouring his memory for some clue that would help him locate the book. Into the Publishers' Index, catalogues, pamphlets and announcements he dove—but no such title was there.

"The Tender Passion," I believe you wanted," he said with his most affable smile.
"Yes, I think that is the name," the girl with the pink cheeks and blue eyes replied. "It's Ethel Watts."

"Oh!" said the man of books, "certainly," and when he returned beaming from the shelves he bore in his hand "True Love," by Edith Wyatt.

Miss Louise Haskins, who has been enjoying a delightful visit to friends in Norfolk, had the joint distinction, with Miss Evelyn Talbot, of Washington, to be guest of honor at a sailing party given this week by Mr. Ralph Jones. Other guests of the occasion were Miss Bessie Doyle, Miss Louise Jones, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Doyle, Mr. Hammond Folinston, and Messrs. Gordon and Lynch, of Richmond.

home, "Forest Hill," in Charlotte county, will be glad to hear that she is convalescent.

Mr. Griffin Sandys Townes, of Petersburg, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. P. Adkins.

Mrs. Alice Marrow Finch, of Boynton, Va., reached Richmond Wednesday afternoon. While here she will be at No. 215 East Franklin Street.

Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Drewry, of "Mineola," will visit Mrs. Frank de Ford at her country home near Baltimore during August.

Mrs. K. A. McLeod, of Jonesboro, N. C., and Mrs. T. R. Perkins, of Danville, Va., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Shore, at No. 119 North Eighth Street.

Miss Fannie Van Vort, of No. 34 East Grace Street, is enjoying a month's vacation.

Mrs. Mollie Macgill Bridges is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. D. Drewry, in Chesterfield county.

Mr. W. E. Griffin, of Tennessee, is spending some time with his sister, Mrs. W. P. Adkins.

Miss Eva Louise Spears, of No. 525 North Eighth Street, is at the Retreat for the Sick, and is ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. B. A. Blenner and her son, Master Blenner, are spending the season at Virginia Beach.

Miss Isabelle Flournoy, of Charlotte, Va., who has been the guest of friends in Richmond, has left for home, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Gertrude Flournoy.

Mrs. Carter Scott will be the guest of Senator and Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner at Buckroe Beach next week.

Miss Mamie Pilkinton is back after a delightful visit to the Misses Schenck, of Holt Street, Norfolk.

in Richmond several times and has many friends here.

Mr. Edgar Bowling, of the American Tobacco Company, has just returned from an exceedingly pleasant visit to his former home in North Carolina.

Mr. Harry Berkeley Watkins, who was confined to his room for some days, is much improved, as his friends are pleased to note.

Mrs. W. S. Gooch, who accompanied her sisters, Misses Carrie and Ella Anderson, to Boston at the meeting of the Education Association, will visit relatives at Clifton Forge and Richmond later on.

Most of the Richmond teachers who went to the School of Methods in Charlottesville will remain for the close of the course, August 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Alston Cabell are still in Richmond. The comfortableness of the weather conditions have delayed their later going to the Old Sweet Springs.

It is said that Miss Mary Johnston's improvement in the Virginia mountains has been so steady and so uninterrupted that it seems probable she will be able to resume work in the autumn.

Miss Claudia Palmer is spending the summer at the country home of Colonel William H. Palmer, near Christiansburg, Va.

Mr. Robert Jeffress has accepted a position with the State Bank of Virginia, and spends his days in Richmond.

Mr. Randolph Cardozo is filling most creditably to himself the post of assistant draughtsman at the Cardwell Machine Company.

THE TOBACCO MARKET

Sales and Receipts Continue to Decrease—Things Very Quiet.

Concerning the conditions prevailing on the tobacco market Saturday, the week of Messrs. L. B. Vaughan and Company, proprietors of Crenshaw Warehouse, say as follows:

Receipts, offerings and sales continue to decrease. Only two sales days on Tobacco Exchange where only 185 packages were sold, \$2.10 to \$2.45 and a sale on "change," 5,624 packages have been sold. Unsurpassed leaf in strong demand at unchanged quotations. Outside of the grades the market is very quiet and featureless. Only one sale day next week on "change" is announced, as adequate for the week. The annual meeting of the Tobacco Association of the United States to be held the 30th at Old Point, when good times are expected.

Property Transfers.

Richmond—Frank L. Montague and wife to Mrs. Abby M. Gwathmey, 28-6-12 feet on south side of Clay Street, 85 feet east of Cleveland, \$1,000.
Trustees of Ellen and Jennie Roma, Lizzie Lillis, John Roma, Jr., and wife, Laura and John Lynch to E. J. Farnham, 32-6-12 feet on north side of Clay Street, 97-6-12 feet west of First, \$9,500.
Henrico—Charles H. Anderson and wife to Mrs. E. J. Farnham, 32-6-12 feet on north side of Clay Street, 97-6-12 feet west of First, \$9,500.
Harris, 65 feet on east side of Washington Street, northeast corner of Blair, \$500.
Lizzie and Armstrong to R. F. and P. Railroad, about 4 1/2 miles north of Richmond, \$115.
Mary J. Hancock to Mrs. Grace R. Smith, 25-3-12 feet on east side of Rowland Street, between Main and Cary, subject to deed of trust for \$3,000, \$1,800.
Revere Beach County Fair and Musical Railway Company to George F. Rowley, lots 10 to 118, inclusive, in block G, Fair Grounds, \$20.
Tax Title Company of Richmond to Thomas Dandridge, 30 feet on north side Nicholson Street, \$9.

SPEND SUNDAY AT THE SEASHORE.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway will sell tickets from Richmond for trains of Friday afternoon and Saturday, good until the Monday following, to Old Point and return, at rate of \$3.00; to Norfolk, \$3.25, and to Virginia Beach, 3.50; also tickets to Old Point and return, including accommodations at the Chamberlin Hotel, for \$3.00. A. M. train of Saturdays, good until Sunday evening, at \$5.00, and good until Monday morning, \$7.00.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*